

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

A. T. Parker
High and
Spring
East Side
Lexington, Ky.

EDITED BY A. H. RATHEN IN 1900. "HERST OF GOOD MORALS."

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Charles L. Moore
Editor

A PICTURE OF SOME CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

BY JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

The one string that preachers harp on is that "Christianity alone has elevated women." Its twanging is dimmed in women's ears until she considers it a crime to doubt it. The house hold slave at the cook stove, or wash-tub who never gets a cent of wages that all this service is a Christian duty. The woman who bears a child every year or two, possibly by a brutal tyrant that she abhors, it taught that it is her "bountiful duty" to multiply and replenish the earth, whether she is willing, or whether she is able. The woman who not only bears children, and keeps and supports the home, is taught that self sacrifice is the greatest womanly virtue.

The woman whose purest and noblest feelings are outraged by subordination to recognized inferiority. It told that silent submission is evidence of the model Christian woman.

And so the marital slave, and house hold drudge, and the factory and field toilers struggle to possess the Christian virtues of silence and submission. Each village and neighborhood has its martyrs to these Christian tenets, and these women are the mothers of the mental dwarfs and moral monstrosities that swarm in Christian countries, yet we presume to intrude upon the Orientalism because of their superiority. Today, in Austria, one of the most intensely Christian countries, pregnant women and mothers of large families are double tracked the railroad from Linz to Salzburg. These women are engaged by the Austrian State Railroad Department. They are required to wield the pickaxe, break the rock with sledge hammers and take it to the top of embankments in wheelbarrows.

Today women are carrying on their backs the stores and mortar for the new railroad station, at Nuremberg, Bavaria. In Austria nothing flourishes like religion, and the country swarms with priests, yet not one of them has ever protested against women being used as beasts of burden. Church and State are Siamese twins in Austria, and they see to it that women bear all the children Nature will permit, and work them like the brutes of the field.

The negroes are the most religious people in the United States. Outside of rank barbarism are they such soulless demons made upon human beings as upon the negro women of the most intensely Christian communities in the United States. They are at once child bearers and burden bearers.

The pay they receive is not enough to keep them in working order, and often the miserable pittance paid them for their labor is demanded of them by brutal or drunken husbands, while the support of their numerous progeny falls on the mothers.

The average negro woman, either cooks or washes for white families. She lives in a hut in the slums of the city or town, with few or no comforts. She bears children as often as nature will permit, and her wretched child swarms with her miserable offspring.

Yet through heat and cold, sunshine and storm, she leaves her own children, often without food, to go to the house of the whites to cook their plentiful meals, and render the lowliest mental service to Christian families, who consider they are doing their Christian duty by paying her the meager sum of five or six dollars per month for her labor. Her ragged hungry children await her at home, and more often than otherwise a tyrant brute of a husband, demands and gets her wages from her. The negro women are also the prey of the preachers of their race. Thus the ignorant creatures are robbed by their employers, and then we wonder why we have so many negro criminals.

There is nothing in Christian civilization so wrong, trampled upon and outraged as motherhood, and nothing so cheap. After the pangs of travail Christianity does not allow a woman to own her own body, or the offspring of her body. Negro women are so

used of being dishonest by their white employers. Whose fault is it? If the woman had living wages and had not so many land pirates preying upon her, she might be at least as honest as her employer (and that is nothing much). If I had a house full of hungry children, and had to neglect them, and slave for 5 or 6 dollars a month I would consider it a greater virtue to steal food for my starving children than getting religion and being baptized.

The traffic in women in Europe and the United States is appalling. The civilized world is profoundly stirred at the revelations regarding the traffic in women at the recent congress held in Paris, France, and so terrible are conditions that another congress is to be held at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in October. It has developed that the traffic in women is as well organized as was the trade in negro slaves in the past. Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, Greece, England, the United States and South American countries are engaged in it and have their bureaus of distribution, agents and price lists. These countries are the strongholds of Christianity. In addition to this organized traffic in women, the highways and byways of Christian lands are lined with brothels and foundlings' asylums.

Christian society states the fallen woman as the outcome of a system where male chastity is almost unknown, yet the church says not a word in regard to all these actual conditions, but boldly claims that "Christianity elevates woman."

The truth it Christianity itself has never done anything for woman but to enslave her body and mind, and down her to silence, and it never will, for the conservatism of the system is the subject of the mothers of the race.

The mental and moral fiber of society cannot be improved as long as women are required to be beasts of burden, involuntary mothers, and the subjects of priestcraft.

The children of the Austrian woman who build railroads, or reap the harvest in the fields for little or no pay, emigrate to the United States and betake themselves to crime.

The children of the negro woman who is the victim of Christian society, crowd into our courts and prisons, and we ascribe their criminal tendencies to all kinds of causes except the true one, yet the church and society can easily find the true cause by looking for it.

If we had pictures of some of our types of Christian motherhood hung upon the walls of churches and court rooms, instead of scripture texts, they might be such strong object lessons as to create a revolution. On the whole it might seem more important to any country to have a race of noble and grand mothers, than to double track it with railroads, ornament it with splendid churches, or spread royal feasts.

Beside these types of Christian motherhood mentioned there are numerous others varying only in degree. The widow's mite is one of the trump cards of the pulpit and it is played for all it is worth. The church asks for, and accepts all service, and all contributions from the poorest and most oppressed classes of women. The widow lays her mite on the "altar of the Lord" and the sacrifices and suffering of the widow to obtain the mite is never thought of so it is landed safely in the collection box. The women of wealth who are at ease in Zion are another type of Christian mothers. They do not bear so many children as the women of the poor classes, neither do they suffer and sacrifice as much, but they bear the same load of credulity their poorer sisters do, the belief that Christianity has elevated them to the position they occupy. Take from the dull woman her luxuries surrounding, gained for her by the exercise of intelligence and giant energy and all the Christianity in Christendom can not save her from joining the vast army of drudges who are today the wards of the church. The eagles of intelligence rejoice, and the owls of superstition mourn when one woman discovers that Christianity is her enemy, instead of her friend as she has been taught.

Neither men nor women are ethical poets, nor trained thinkers, but they are both very weak and very erring creatures and Christianity for its own interest has bound them up

with solemn vows, and loaded them down with stringent obligations. The comparison of the condition of heathen and Christian women is used as proof that "Christianity alone elevates woman." The truth is, the heathen women are slandered, their condition is not so bad as it is painted, and the condition of Christian women is not so elevated as it is painted. There is a vast amount of method in the conduct of Christians.

Chapel echoes, and pulpit catch words serve to delude, but they do not always convey the truth.

Not Christianity has NOT elevated woman. If it has, why is the world swarming today with credulous glistening thin waisted parson's puppets? Why is it that the world is thrumming with the noodles, not one in a thousand fit for either a husband of a father?

Women must be rescued from superstition to bear sages, or a race of moral and mental heroes.

Woman has the power to liberate the Reason, and thought of the highest racial promise of the world. Will she do it?

Let us range before her mental vision the pictures of women of Christendom, and ask herself if the "Christian elevation" of woman is all it is painted to appear by the clergy.

Woe to the world as long as priest, craft trades on the heart of woman. That heart with its strength and weakness, its hopes, its fears, its desires, its aspirations, and woe too to Christianity, when the times arrives for it to reckon with woman's awakened intellect and reason.

Versailles, Ky.

THE HUMAN EMOTIONS

The human emotions are characterized by Spencer as the strongest thing in this world, and I do not care to dispute his statement.

Feeling is the basis of thought and action, and all feelings, all emotions, are roused and produced. We feel, therefore we think, and there is nothing more in need of restraint and regulation than our thoughts, for when they are not dominated by reason, they run wild and are the sport of passion and prejudice. Reason is the supreme faculty in man and should be his guide in all things, for it alone can distinguish between truth and falsehood, right and wrong. If the emotions are not subject to its influence, we may and can expect the most absurd and foolish things in the conduct of human beings. Because reason is denied the right to regulate thought and keep it within the bounds of rationality, we have religious fanaticism and superstition. This thousandth time and more, very recently in this city. A religious organization known as the Nazarenes dedicated a new church, and their method of so doing was principally giving unrestrained outlet to their feelings. A report of the meeting says: "A little woman in faded black stood up in the new church and in a strong shrill voice fairly shrieked out these three words: 'glorie-e! glorie-e! glorie-e!' holding the last note nearly a minute. Instantly two thousand tongues feverently took up the sentiment of praise, and shouts of Amen! Halleluiah! Praise the Lord! and Glory to his name! swelled into a chorus so mighty it was deafening."

The report turned said: "Spectacular in the extreme was one of the opening features of the evening's services. Suddenly the pastor sprang to the front of the stage, whipped off his handkerchief and waved it enthusiastically. Rising as one person the whole auditorium was a flutter of hands, the demonstration lasting over a minute. Such was the perfect control of pastor over congregation manifested throughout. For three hours thereafter the strange ceremonies, the preaching and the singing arousing such high enthusiasm that it approached pandemonium."

Let us recall for a moment the fact that we are in the twentieth century and then reflect on the power which religion still has to produce senseless and idiotic actions in human beings. Now, if this world ever made such foolishness possible in human beings

duct, as the religious emotions, and when not tempered by reason and judgment they soon take the form of a species of insanity. It was always so, and if the majority of mankind had not outgrown such tendencies, we could easily have a reproduction of many events that exist as a blot on the pages of history. It is not far from the fanatic to the fiend, and those who have read history know what both have done in the past. Intolerance precedes persecution, and unrestrained religious emotions invariably insure both. Read these Nazarenes lived in 1906 when Peter the Hermit started the crusades, they would have flocked to his standard and joined that senseless movement as readily as the pastor made them wave their handkerchiefs and howl.

They are made of the same material and just as destitute of sense and reason as were those old fanatics, two million of whom perished in the eighth crusade from 1096 to 1279, which were gotten up for the purpose of conquering Palestine and wresting from the Turks the supposed tomb of Christ.

At one time there were seven hundred thousand men excited to frenzy on the plains of Asia, and shouting: "It is the will of God that the Turks be destroyed." But the Turks proved too much for the "will of God," and they still hold the fort, so to speak, as Charles Clifton Moore can testify. Reason played no part in these crusades; the crusaders simply felt; they permitted their emotions to run wild, so then actions sustain the claim of Spencer that the human emotions are the strongest thing in the world. Being such, the necessity for their control is very apparent, and reason is the only thing that can control them and keep them within bounds. Shall we be reasonable beings or emotional ones? This is a question that concerns everybody, and it is not hard to answer if one has good horse-sense. He has not, and his natural inclination is to be pliant and passive, and to go through life under the influence of his emotions. He will want to feel and to be acted upon by others and the conditions that fate brings to him and makes so strong and potent. But the man of thought and intelligence, the man who sees and knows how practical the affairs of life are, and how necessary it is to be guided by reason and judgment in all things, will not be found trusting to the emotions to lead him through life. Imaginary joys may be pleasant to experience, but they are neither safe nor desirable, and men of good sense will always prefer standing on solid ground and dealing with facts instead of fancies. To sing hallooing and glorie-e! till tired and hoarse is a poor form of amusement, and fitted only for those who do no serious thinking or are lacking in the power to reason.

Such people are to be pitied in their weakness, but censure should be bestowed on those crafty and designing leaders who feed with them for power and profit and work the religious emotions into foolishness and frenzy. They are the enemies of mankind, the foes of intellectual development and the ever present barriers to reason and common sense, and while human weakness makes it possible for them to exercise such control over the emotions their power for evil and injury will continue. The intellect they never seek to reach, but on the emotions they play continually and by so doing make men and women absurd in thought and action. Any emotion when divorced from reason will do the same thing, but none are given such freedom from restraint as these termed religious. Therefore we see why religion makes more fools and fanatics than anything else; and that is why special reference has been made to the religious kind in these comments. As the chief element in religion is fear, and it is built upon fears that are baseless, I repeat and reiterate the world has no need of religion and would be better off without any. Every man who strives to perpetuate the word religion in any form is doing an injury to the race, for the word morality embodies all of man's duties to man and the entire animal kingdom, and beyond that he has none. With religious belief of all kinds destroyed, mortal man would be a more rational being than he ever has been, and his other emotions would readily conform to reason with a little practical experience and some education. But while

religion holds him in her grasp, it is uphill work to make the human race what it might be and should be. Therefore speed the time when it will be buried in the deep grave of oblivion.

CHANNING SEVERANCE
Los Angeles, Calif.

EPISCOPAL

CLERIC ON A BIG JAMBOREE.

Second Fall of Rev. Mr. Ware of Deadwood—Puts Bishop Hare in a Dilemma.

Siox City, Iowa, July 13.—Episcopal church circles of South Dakota are greatly stirred, and Bishop W. H. Hare, of Sioux Falls, is in a quandary about what disposition to make of his archdeacon, the Rev. T. C. Ware, of Deadwood. The archdeacon has taken on a headlong tumble from grace and has been on a hilarious spree. His arrest in Lead City was followed by the intervention of influential friends, and he was spared the further humiliation of being lodged in jail.

The Rev. Mr. Ware is archdeacon of the Black Hills district, one of the wealthiest and more important divisions of the Episcopal diocese of South Dakota. He is a man of fine talents, generous to a fault, the head of an admirable family, and has accomplished excellent results in the church. His disgrace, therefore, is keenly felt throughout the State.

If the archdeacon had been less riotous when indulging in wine the affair would have had a chance of being hushed up. But he scandalized people in the hotel where he was stopping, and roamed the street using unclerical language. Apparently he found delight in ordering pedestrians out of his way, and then saying, with a guffaw, "When I'm good I'm very good indeed—but when I'm bad I'm horrid." He had a companion for a time, an Englishman, who discreetly got out of sight before the police intervened. Friends who were leading him into a quiet street passed a church where a service was being held. Mr. Ware insisted upon going into the church "to show 'em how to preach," but he was not permitted to do so.

Finally he was taken to the house of a friend on the outskirts of the city, but he made his escape and returned to the hotel, where he became so obnoxious the police took a hand. He was allowed to pay a fine of \$35 without a public arraignment. No statement has yet come from him, and he has not yet, so far as known, resigned his place as archdeacon. He has a strong following, which is ready to forgive him in him.

DR. WILSON'S HOME BOOK.

Work on Dr. Wilson's Home book is going ahead in good shape and it will probably be ready for those who have subscribed in the next three or four weeks. If you want it sent in your order, either with the money or without, if you haven't got it at this time. The Doctor is at his best in this book and those who fail to get one or more copies will be disappointed. The price is only \$1 and it is going to be a book that ought to sell for at least \$1.50.

INGERSOLL MEMORIAL PICNIC

To Be Held in Moffitt's Grove, near Newton, Iowa, August 13th, 1905.

The annual Liberal picnic held in E. B. Moffitt's Grove, near Newton, Iowa, will be in memory of Col. R. G. Ingersoll, C. A. Windle of Chicago, editor of the Galling Gun, and one of the foremost orators of the Central West, will deliver the address. There will also be music, recitations and other entertainments to make time pass pleasantly as well as profitably. Remember the date, Sunday, August 13th, and make preparations to attend.

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LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION.
It is a noteworthy fact that the
Lewis and Clark Exposition is the
first world's fair to be held west of
the Rocky mountains which has secured
the aid of the Government.

"And it is also surprising what an
interest is manifested in the Exposition
by the people of the East. They see in the Exposition an opportunity
to visit the Western country at a
greatly reduced expenditure of money,
and not only see the Exposition itself,
but view the wonders of the West
across, and witness the great re-
sources of the Northwest and the op-
portunities afforded. The Great North-
ern Railway passenger department
has been flooded with inquiries as to
this Exposition, and it augurs well for
a big travel through the Northwest
this year.

Send us a club of five subscribers
for the Blade at 50 cents each.
We want to increase the circulation
of this paper several thousand
copies this spring. Do your
part.

(From Lexington Leader).
"PETER" VINEGAR
Enters the Realm Where "De Streets
Are Gold and De Lax" 'Is Filled
With Milk and Honey."

Quaint Negro Exhorter Passes Away
at His Humble Home After a
Quaint and Unique Career
—Some of His Original Texts.

The noted Negro exhorter, Alexander Campbell Vinegar, known generally as "Peter" Vinegar, who for years has preached at intervals to the people of Lexington on the streets and in public places, died Wednesday night at 9:20 o'clock at his home on Blackburn street in his 65th year, death being due to paralysis and intermittent fever.

"Peter" Vinegar was one of the most noted colored characters in the pulpit in Kentucky. He was unique and occupied a field of religious work peculiar to himself. Although preaching the gospel he invariably carried a flask of whiskey in his hip pocket from which he would take a few "pulls" at regular intervals during his sermons. He cared not who saw him or what was said concerning him. After an inquiring pull at his flask he would preach with increasing vigor and strength. When removed from the pulpit because of this habit, "Peter" would invariably reply, "Lar, chile, dat stuff ain't gwine ter hurt yer if you just use it in de right way. It is when you use it in de wrong way dat trouble comes."

The first religious work of "Peter" was down among his fellow slaves before the war and while he was still a young man. After the slaves had been made free by national proclamation, Peter continued his chosen work. He was extremely superstitious, a strong trait in the character of his race. He afflicted himself with the Baptists and coming to Lexington after the close of the war he was made pastor of the Main Street Colored Baptist Church. For twenty years he looked after the spiritual welfare of his people through the medium of his pastorate, but his habits did not please the sheep of his flock and after repeated protests had been lodged against him, efforts were made to oust him. The church split into factions, but the majority stood by "Peter." He then began to preach in what is known as McClellan Hall at Main street and Broadway, and immediately after his initial service he baptized 113 people into his congregation.

Following this effort "Peter" opened a new church on South Limestone street in what was then the old engine house, and here he continued to hold forth until modern church methods began to prevail and the antiquated method of exhortation manifestly failed by old Peter entered upon a rapid decay. For the last twelve years he had no church, but his voice could be heard every Sunday afternoon on Chesapeake just beneath the Breckinridge monument. White as well as colored, people would stand to hear Peter preach, for while he may have been unable to instruct, he could entertain in that fashion peculiar to the Negro race.

The quaintness of his character found expression in his sermons. One of his choice selections was "A Darned Hot Day," and while Peter made particular reference to the fate of the sinner on the judgment day, yet after numerous repetitions of the style of his text, Peter would take "pulls" from his flask and after restoring the bottle to his pocket he would smack his lips and say, "Yas, mah brethren, it'll be er darned hot day." These were the mirth provoking features of his religious work.

Among the other subjects upon which he preached were "Watch dat Snake," and from this the noted Negro exhorter would caution his hearers to carefully guard against "the tempter within and the tempter without." From the subject "Hell Ain't no Mile From Lexington," he pointed to the city work house on the Frankfort pike and warned his race against the wrong doing that placed them in the rock quarry. Upon a text known as "Death in the Pot," he pointed to the evils that follow from intemperance. Christ, as the central figure of the Christian cult, was exemplified as "A Wheel in the Middle of er Wheel," and his sermons were all given from texts of this character made remarkable from the peculiar ingenuity of construction.

"Peter" at times was really eloquent, that sort of eloquence that comes of the melodious voice peculiar to the race in portrayal of the quaint imagery of the Negro mind, and frequently in the frenzy of highly wrought imagination and religious emotion the quaint old Negro told in a style entrancing to his hearers of "dat great day when de sun of righteousness would flood de earth with

rays of radiant glory and de sons of man would meet again de faces of by gone years; when hope will be crowned by realization and our dreams come true above all sorrow and unrequited love; de streets are gold and de land is filled with milk and honey."

At the time of his death he was a member of the Adamantus Colored Baptist church. His funeral will take place under its auspices next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The interment will take place at 2 o'clock in the Lexington cemetery. He leaves six sons, all of whom are well known in Lexington.

GOODNESS AND HAPPINESS
Livermore, Calif., July 15, 1905.
Editor Blue Grass Blade:

In order to be good it is necessary to be acquainted with the first law of nature, and the second, and to conform to its requirements.

This law is necessary for the perpetuity and well-being of every organized substance, whether animal or vegetable.

Nature works solely through their cause and effect of goodness.

Goodness, in the human species, consists in absolute observance of this law, and the result, or effect, is perfect happiness.

This law requires us to conform to the principles of hygiene. Herein lies the first law of goodness.

In preserving our health we refrain from all deleterious habits, practices and acts, even the harboring of impure thoughts, laying the foundation of an exemplary and moral life.

This preserves our physical structure, fortifies us against disease and pain and becomes a source of happiness.

But our self-preservation does not end here. The law requires that we practice integrity, industry and frugality, enabling us to acquire a competency. It also enjoins upon us to bestow hospitality, kindness and love, upon those around us; thus making our acts twice blessed; blessed in giving and in receiving.

This is being good and being happy. Thus happiness becomes the flower and fruit of harmonious acts and deeds.

Salutary goodness is simply mental inertia, while natural goodness is mental and moral growth and activity.

Our loving mother, Nature, teaches us all that is necessary for us to know and do, and can alone lead us up the shining road of progress to perfect happiness and joy.

Montvale, Texas, July 15, 1905.
Editor Blue Grass Blade:

Since you solicit a discussion apropos the modus operandi of acquiring happiness I beg leave to have my little say on this very important matter (though the "sky pilots" hereabouts do say I am "small taters and very few in the bill.") Happiness is something, if I rightly understand it, that is a kind of a spontaneous product, and the less we think about it, the more of it we shall enjoy. Those who seem the happiest are not always the greatest credit to society.

They are apt to be intellectually shallow. Selfishness is doubtless a very great promoter of happiness; so is ignorance. Where ignorance is the basis of the happiness that makes the average Christian happy, while he contemplates the glories awaiting him in the great hereafter, he is evidently thinking only of his own sweet self. They seem to experience no regrets for the poor unfortunate who inhabit the hot bad place. This is an instance wherein both ignorance and selfishness cut a conspicuous figure.

The deep thinker is the one who more fully comprehends the insuperable obstacles that confront him whilst on his journey through life. We should devote more attention to the happiness of others than to ourselves.

To be honest first last and all the time is the plus ultra of right living. To be perfectly honest is perfection itself. Honesty covers a vast multitude of moral virtues, and is something no one can afford to ignore and yet be respectable.

My advice is, if you can not be happy without being ignorant, selfish or dishonest then let'er ficker. Make happiness subservient to every moral virtue. "Learn something about everything and everything about something." Keep an eye on convenience.

"Have a place for every thing and keep everything in its place." He member "An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." It is the little worries, more than anything else, that render life unpleasant; hence it behooves us to avoid as many of them as possible.

To promulgate an ethical code, the observance of which, would make every one nappy is an impossibility. Happiness, like favors, usually comes to us unbidden. "A watched pot never boils." Neither does watched happiness ever materialize.

Now, Mr. Editor, in the event you find in this article, sufficient meat as to justify its publication, print it, otherwise, use the "clean side" for the write up of your "religious editorials."

May your shadow, Brother Moore, never grow less and your harvest of Blue Grass Blades ever continue to grow more abundant is the hope of your sincere friend and well wisher,
E. J. BUCK.

Hagerstown, Md., July 15, 1905.
Friend Moore:

I see in your July 15th issue that U. G. Wilkinson printed my postal card (like this) to him in his July 1, Gospel Searchlight, which I would have known but for your reference thereto in your paper, as you rightly supposed that I'm not a subscriber for it and know of it only through the Blade.

The other active members of the American Press Writers' Association and I thus write hundreds of letters every year to editors of other papers, when every opportunity offered them through their printing some article favorable for comment. Or, when you comment, we often second or emphasize that comment by our personal letters. If you give name and address of the paper or person on whom you comment, so we know where to direct our letters.

At present our organization lacks an organ or paper to unify and direct our fire by suggesting targets and reporting records thereon, as the Boston Press Writer (our former organ) suspended about January 1st, as it was published only monthly, and being too infrequent, enthusiasm languished. Now, if you would devote a column or two of the Blade to this kind of work weekly it would attract all the P. W.'s and make them subscribe to the Blade to keep posted on P. W. work and make you commander in chief of this powerful army of Rationalistic Press Writers numbering over 1,000 members. Why not do it?

Yours truly,
D. WEBSTER GROH.

Manfordsville, Ky., July 17, 1905.
Charles C. Moore:

Dear Sir:—I enclose a check as my time expires the last of this month. For the balance send me one copy of Dog Fennel, one copy of Dr. Wilson's book.

Well, Brother Moore, I hope you, Br. Clarke, Clorin and others say about hating enemies and doing good, and being happy. I am in this, like you, and I think I think that if any woman or man thinks she or he has a soul to save, and that it is worth saving, she or he, should go quietly alone and save it, and not be bothering their neighbors about it, and when they get through with it, they don't want them to come around and beamer and mess up my front yard and gate so I can't move without coming in contact with their religious ignorance and rot, that might make something they call happiness, for them, but what would it do for me? It just makes my safety valve pop.

Seeking and obtaining happiness for the individual and mutual affair. I try to live so as to extract all the happiness or pleasure there is in life, believing that the best time is the time to be happy, and never intending to offend others and make them unhappy.

There are many things that produce happiness and many more that produce unhappiness. I don't think we could obtain perpetual happiness. Change seems to be necessary in order that we may have comparison.

Why, Bro. Moore, I believe I really enjoy a real d-d mean time, some times, as much as I do a good time, after I have had so much good time. Variety is what we need to produce happiness, and that is why I like the Blade and its editor so much.

Yours for happiness,
L. F. MANSFIELD.

Passadena, Calif., July 15, 1905.
Editor Moore:

O. E. Harrum is my nephew. I sent him, about a year ago, a copy of Dog Fennel and he and his family were so much entertained by it that they sent Behind the Bars.

He used to be a Campbellite and an officer in the church, but I sent him some Blades and now he and his wife are as radical as you or I.

E. LEWIS.

Nat. Military Home, Kas., July 18.
Dear Brother Moore:

Your paper is just my kind. It suits me. My time is up this month, but I can't renew, so you will have to discontinue it, as I can do better without it than some other things that I have to have in haste from an infidel.

G. B. ASHFORD.

Houston, Texas, July 15, 1905.
Editor Blue Grass Blade:

Enclosed find 25 cents for sample copies of the Blade, as I want to dis-

tribute them among my audience next Sunday night.

Your friend, Mr. Wright, turns a large number of Blades over to me and I give them out among the country people. I know I got you one subscriber and how many more I don't know. I want to buy a bundle, every week for free distribution, as many as you can let me have for 25 cents. I can use back numbers. I make open talks on Socialism and Spiritualism.

W. H. TAYLOR.

Hartshorne, Ind. Ter., July 15, 1905.
Charles C. Moore, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—When a boy I read a speech of yours in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, made while you were opposing Breckinridge and Owen for Congress, in which you said you sympathized with Breckinridge along with Adam, Peeping Tom, et al., who had been led astray by beautiful women.

I kept the speech until, unfortunately, I lost it by fire. Would you favor me with a copy? I would appreciate it so much, I could consider it the best thing, along its line, that I ever read.

With good wishes for its author I beg to remain, Yours respectfully,
TOM J. STALLING.

Thanks for the compliment, but it would be impossible for me to find a copy of it.

Buckley, Washington, July 10, 05.
C. C. Moore.

Dear Sir and Brother:—I have to get after you since you are on the "bad" side of the law, and you don't raise the knob on the wrapper. I can't be good under such circumstances. I am most happy when I am doing good business and can tax the people all they will bear, and the people are all in right in voting for me.

You see your friend Carnegie could not get rich if others did not get poor. Nobody cares to be rich and nobody wants to be poor. One extreme is as bad as the other.

SEASHORE ROUTE Atlantic City!

VIA THE SCENIC



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mind. The horror with which they view the presence of Infidels in considerable numbers residing in their neighborhood would facilitate our opportunities for obtaining real estate at reduced rates. Do not understand that I advocate dishonorable methods, but we should remember, as many of us no doubt does, what we are deprived of by them. I distinctly remember being deprived of the use of water for some time in addition to other losses. The Jews would promote our commercial success. In the populous portions of the country they control a large share of the trade. Who can deny that they are supported sumptuously by Christians and other religious people who can only occasionally vent their brutal wrath by persecution through which they acknowledge their intellectual inferiority?

You nor I can accomplish this alone nor all the Infidels in this country or State can succeed, but the condition of all the Infidels of the country whether each is worth one dollar or a million into local working assemblies can. The qualities are fact and education for business. If we have not these we must acquire them. It is not a Socialistic commode we need. Every individual should have his own business, employ his own capital, and utilize his own profits, and be protected by the combined power of all the others. It would be essential to gain commercial control of some of the most important business centers, and instead of Infidels being driven apart as Christians have done them, they must come together. Means for accomplishing the requirements of so important an undertaking for the prosperity and advancement of our class cannot all be given here, neither would it be wise to make public the motive power of such a movement which we are taxed to support as a necessary requirement.

I invite correspondence with all Infidels and especially those in any way related to trade, and in sympathy with a union of forces to repel other encroaching misdeeds that ever surround us. Our welfare and that of the following generations demand it.

—S. L. WILLARD.

I suppose the Catholic church is more powerful in Spain than in any other nation. The history of this nation demonstrates the result of Catholic supremacy, the result of an acknowledgment by a people that a certain religion is too sacred to be examined. It established the inquisition within its borders. It imprisoned the honest, it burnt the noble, and succeeded after many years of devotion to the true faith in destroying the industry, the intelligence, the usefulness, the genius, the nobility, and the wealth of a nation. It became a wreck, a jest of the conquered and excited the pity of its former victims. —Ingersoll.

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GIVE US ARREST ON THE MILLIONAIRE

I got so tired reading of and hearing about millionaires, that I wish I could emigrate to "Poverty Flat," or that they would emigrate to "Jerusalem the Golden." It seems to me the climate, soil and locality there would suit them exactly.

Poor old Mother Earth does not seem to be a suitable place for the abode of such fine folks.

It might be a good thing for Edward VII to colonize those of royal blood, and royal fortunes, and I wish he would, for we might then have a rest on the millionaire.

The American press devotes its greatest energies to expelling the millionaires. Telling of their summer and winter palaces, red ward-robos, and jewels, yachts, dinners at \$1,500 per plate, 35,000 coffee cups with retine of servants, automobiles, dinners to monkeys, weddings with disgusting and vulgar display. All this and much more are dished up daily to the American public.

The influence of all this enters into the daily conversation of old and young, until every one you meet rings in the conversation something about the millionaire relative, visitor, or great grandfathers' step daughter's cousin's niece, who is going to marry a millionaire, or is being divorced from one.

It seems to me people have gone daff on millionaires.

It may be there is a good deal of counterfeit coin in the millionaire's coffers, alloyed dollars and watered stocks, that would not pass current over the bank counter, and then again all these may be up to the gold standard.

Never having had experience in handling millions, I have only newspaper authority on this subject, but I know from actual contact with them that the average industrious struggling man and woman is in the fierce battle of life and it requires earnest effort to earn an honest dollar.

I know people who sit up and complacently talk of the expenditures of millionaires, who have not a dollar in their pockets or any where else to bless themselves with. This talk about \$100,000 houses, \$25,000 dinners and \$500 gowns, is like the talk of the person about streets, skyscrapers, crowns and harps in New Jerusalem.

Whether these things are true or false, the eternal harping on them is both disgusting and cruel in a country that is swarming with beggars, paupers, half clad and homeless poor, starving sewing women, legions of desperate miners and helpless families, and indigent children working at starvation wages in factories and stores.

These appalling conditions struck the tenderest chord in the great heart of our own Robert G. Ingersoll, when he said: "I don't see how it is possible for a man to do worth five or ten millions in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hands of beggary, and the white lips of famine. I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber when hundreds of thousands were drowning in the sea."

Think of a woman wearing hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of jewels and guarded by policemen to keep her from being robbed in this Christian country. Think of women wearing gowns that cost thousands while in the slums of their own cities other women are giving birth to children in cellars, on beds of mouldy straw, without a garment to put on the newborn infants, and the Sheriff knocking at the door to evict the woman to travel.

An impassible pile is fixed between our millionaires and paupers, but the half way house between the two is swarming with those who have the bone and sinews of civilization, the creators of wealth, the guardians of morality, who realize every hour that life's pathway has its thorns, its debris, its foul odor, its dark pestilential scenes, and terrific battles which crush that which is noblest in the human heart.

Strange old world this! While the millionaire drives his automobile at 80 miles an hour and finds death, the pauper infant is thrown into the morgue. While the millionaire girl with royal robes and jewels visits in rose water about Joy, Jubilee and Jezebel, the wretched mother, the victim of poverty and lust suicides and is "thrown in with the city's dead."

While the millionaire is giving feasts at hundreds of dollars a plate, the struggling young man who can

not find work puts a bullet in his brain.

Is it any wonder that suicide has become a pandemic? Is it any wonder that all this talk and print about millionaires breed discontent, discouragement and despair? Is it any wonder that the masses feel that Christianity has dropped them through its riddle as slag, and turned their pious attention to savages in foreign lands? We have miles of misery to one millionaire, and the Gomorrah of our dens of doom over-shadows all the splendor of the millionaire's palace.

The woman in the palace brings forth a son for Harvard or Yale who reveals at Sherry's or plunges at Monte Carlo, until he dies of his excesses. She brings forth a girl to be traded to a rouse prizefighter for a title.

The mother in the slums bears wretched children by the dozen, compounds of criminals and prostitutes, destined for the prison, the brothel, and gallows. After 18 centuries of the Gospel of the Galilean this is the picture. Ward McAllister wrote an inside history of society's exclusive 400, but "The bitter cry of outcast America" is yet to be written.

In the face of all this we go on talking about millionaires as though we knew what we are talking about. But we don't. Who ever saw or handled a million dollars outside of the bank?

Who can realize how much money a million is?

The people in business life who deal in thousands are few in number. A few more deal in hundreds, but the masses of the people (and reputed rich ones too) handle only dollars and cents, and consider themselves lucky if they can have a few of either in their pockets. All this gush and talk about colossal fortunes is at once unwise and disgusting and more often than not, a source of every day flashlight is thrown on them it knocks a naught off the calculation. The people with common sense in their heads and common cents in their pockets are the dependence of this weary old world.

Give us a rest on millionaires. Personally I have nothing against them, and I wish them well, but I am weary of hearing of them.

I guess they will go right on until they run against something they were not expecting.

Strange things are happening and stranger things are in the future. Versailles, Kentucky.

END OF THE CHICAGO STRIKE.

The Chicago strike has ended after a struggle of three months and a loss of 30 lives and thousands of dollars to the strikers, many of the old employees have returned to work.

If the strikers had gained their demands it would possibly have still been an ultimate loss to them. A working man may, by doing his best for his employer, in every way, as it is right that he should do, gain the good will of his employer so as to induce him to do for the working man even more than the letter of their contract requires, but it will be a rare case when a poor laborer can force a rich employer to do for the laborer any more than simple necessity demands.

The employer and the laborer are equally dependent upon each other, and not merely peace and quiet of mind but common business prudence dictates that the employer and the laborer shall do all that they reasonably can to assist each other, and generally, if each will do something more to assist the other than actual obligation requires both parties will be benefited, or if only one of the parties will do this that party will be benefited. If a man is working for a man who does not pay him enough, or otherwise appreciate him the chances are that somebody will notice that fact and both from sympathy and business interest offer that working man a better position.

I believe it is generally true that a man who does not seem to be a good man would appear better to us if we knew better about his affairs.

I have frequently found, to my surprise, that a man was better than I thought, but have only rarely found that a man was every thing I thought. A hundred times in my life I have been surprised to find qualities in a man that I had thought bad, and perhaps not as many as five times in my life have I found bad qualities in a man that I had thought good.

Strange old world this! While the millionaire drives his automobile at 80 miles an hour and finds death, the pauper infant is thrown into the morgue. While the millionaire girl with royal robes and jewels visits in rose water about Joy, Jubilee and Jezebel, the wretched mother, the victim of poverty and lust suicides and is "thrown in with the city's dead."

While the millionaire is giving feasts at hundreds of dollars a plate, the struggling young man who can

not find work puts a bullet in his brain. But when the most ideal labor union is debatable. Labor is commodity that has its value in the market just like any other commodity and this value is determined by supply and demand just like any other commodity, and therefore when labor is too cheap rivalry among employers will raise it and when it is too high discontent among employers will lower it; so that when the time comes and the expense of belonging to a union is considered, I believe it would generally be better if each laborer would rely upon himself and his own good reputation for his success.

If any one organization of laborers succeeds it must necessarily be at the expense, at least partly, of other labor organizations.

If shoemakers, for instance, advance the price of their labor, the manufacturers who have to pay them the advanced price have to charge more for their shoes, and every other laborer in any other department has to pay more for his shoes. And so, if every laborer, in every department forces up the price of his labor that same laborer will have to pay higher for all he buys, and so there is no ultimate benefit to him. If a laboring man gets twice as much for his labor, and has to pay twice as much for all he buys or rents or hires, he certainly will not be benefited.

An aggravating loss to the laboring man is the money that has to be paid to the editors of labor union publications and labor union agitators, none of whom produces anything.

The best way is for every man to take care of his own business and to get the best wages that he can simply upon his own merit.

GIRLS SAVE HIM FROM MOB

Assaulted at Casa, Ark.—Had Been Warned Not to Preach There Again.

Disregarded The Threats—Carried His Little Child With him to Church.

Mob Attacked Him During the Progress of his Sermon, and While Trying to Escape From Them a Number of Shots were Fired at Him. Casa, Ark., June 27.—Rev. J. L.

Gray, a Methodist minister living at Pottsville, Ark., was assaulted by a mob of Casa citizens last night while in the middle of his sermon, which he was delivering at the schoolhouse. It seems that the Rev. Gray had been warned not to attempt to preach in Casa, Ark., but notwithstanding the threats he came into town yesterday evening in a buggy, in company with his little girl, it is supposed, for protection, thinking no one would attack him on account of her presence.

Many jests and taunts were made to and about the minister as he drove through town on his way to where he expected to put up for the night. He had sent word he would reach Casa to preach last night; that the Casa people had said they would kill him if he came here again, but that he would be here to fill his next appointment, which was yesterday evening; and true to his promise he came, but in all probability he wishes now he had not done so.

The congregation was a small one, comprised mostly of women and children, and he had proceeded about half way through his sermon when the presence of the mob was discovered by the little girl that had accompanied the minister, who cried: "There are those murderers."

The minister at once attempted to leave the pulpit, but to do so he had to pass out by the mob, and but for the fact that some of the little girls clung to him and thus thwarted the ruffians, the mob not desiring to hurt the little girls, and he had passed out into the dark, and once past them he made good his escape.

A number of pistol shots were fired in his direction. It is not known whether the mob intended to merely scare the minister or kill him outright, but it is supposed they merely intended to give him a severe beating. Rumor has it that they had provided a leather strap with which to whip him. It may be that they became enraged at his escaping and shot to bit, or may have only fired the shots to frighten. It this was their object it had the desired effect. It is not known who were in the mob, but it is said there were twelve of fourteen people of Casa.

Just what the mob grievance is, is not generally known. It is said that the Rev. Gray bears an excellent reputation, and is an able minister.

He left town this morning. Considerable excitement prevails in the little town on account of the affair.

Many of the citizens express their regrets on account of the affair.

Sho: "Do you suppose real angels have wings?"

He: "Well, you haven't."

ARRESTED FOR RAPE

Rev. R. W. Meeker of Dunlap in Crawford County Jail—Free Methodist Preacher.

Is Accused of Raping His Sister-in-Law Mrs. Orrie McElwain of Willow Township.

Rev. R. W. Meeker, preacher, painter and paper hanger was arrested at Dunlap, Mo., Tuesday on a warrant charging him with rape. The complaining witness is Orrie McElwain of Willow Township and the information charges that McElwain's wife, a sister-in-law of the defendant was the victim of the crime.

The preliminary hearing was set for July 10 before Justice E. Gulick. Up to this time Meeker was held in the Crawford county jail but it is said that prominent Dunlap parties have consented to go on his bond and that he will be released to his home today.

Meeker is a well appearing man of about forty years of age. When interviewed by the Review he declined to tell much of his life or discuss the charge against him. He said he was an Iowa boy, that since he was nine years of age he had made his own way in the world, that he had studied for the ministry and had held some of the best churches in the Free Baptist church of Iowa, one of his churches having been at Burlington. Meeker denied the charge against him and refused to outline his defense at this time. He asserted that he had been on good terms with both Mr. and Mrs. McElwain since the time when it was alleged that the offense was committed. That he had been to their home and they to his, that the two families had planned to take their Fourth of July dinner together and that the arrest was a complete and overwhelming surprise to him.

Meeker is a clergyman hut on account of the smallness of his congregation at his home and vicinity he has followed the trade of painter and paper hanger to eke out his living. He is said to be an eloquent speaker and has many friends in Dunlap.

Mrs. McElwain is a young woman about eighteen years of age, she lives with her husband and his brother on a farm in Willow township. It is said that she said the crime was committed by violence and that it was fear that kept her from making the accusation sooner than she did. She will appear before the justice at the preliminary hearing and testify against Meeker.

It is a most sensational case, the charge is a serious one and it is best that prejudice be held in check on both sides until facts are more fully known.

OPINIONS OF CHURCH FATHERS

And Other Lights of the Christian System Regarding Women.

According to St. Bernard, "Woman is the organ of the Devil."

St. Anthony, "Woman is the fountain of the arm of the devil; her voice is the hissing of the serpent."

St. Bonaventure, "Woman is a serpent, ever ready to sting. She is the face of the demon."

St. Cyril, "Woman is the instrument which the devil uses to gain possession of our souls."

St. Jerome, "Woman is the gate of the Devil, the road of iniquity, the sting of the scorpion."

St. Gregory the Great, "Woman has the poison of an asp, the malice of a dragon."

St. John Damascene, "Woman is a daughter of falsehood, a sentinel of Hell, the enemy of Peace; through her Adam lost Paradise."

St. John Chrysostom, "Through woman the Devil triumphed, through her Paradise has been lost; of all wild beasts, the most dangerous is woman."

Talmud, "When thy daughter has reached maturity set her of thy slaves free and betroth her to him."

Jewish Prayer, "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast not made me a heathen, a slave or a woman."

Luther, "No gown or garment worse becomes a woman, than that she will be a woman."

John Wesley, "Giving up witchcraft is giving up the Bible."

THE LETTERS ABOUT BEING GOOD AND HAPPY.

I think the letters about being good and happy that are being written to the Blade are the most interesting and profitable that I have ever printed.

They are successful and indicate good mental and moral qualities in their writers and I hope I shall succeed in making that the special theme of this paper.

In that connection there are three things that now more than ordinarily forcibly are called to my attention. We make ourselves and others un-

PRICE LIST MEN'S NEW MODEL 16 SIZE WATCHES

HAMPDEN: "No. 104," 23 jewels, \$22; "105," 23 jewels, \$24; "Wm. Kinley," 21 jewels, \$23; same, 17 jewels, \$20; "General Stark," 17 jewels, \$20; 15 jewels, \$18; 7 jewels, \$15.

WALTHAM: "Riverside Maxima," 23 jewels, \$50; "Vanguard," 22 jewels, \$30; "Riverside," 17 jewels, \$21; "P. S. Bartlett," 17 jewels, \$21.50; 15 jewels, \$19; 7 jewels, \$16.

ELGIN: "No. 155," or "162," 21 jewels, \$40; "270," 21 jewels, \$35; "243," or "245," 17 jewels, \$22; "242," 17 jewels, \$18; "241," 17 jewels, \$12; 15 jewels, \$8.50; 7 jewels, \$6.

CASES: All the above in the new model, this Silverline Screw Cases. In Fabry's, Crown or Deuser filed gold screw case, guaranteed by manufacturers for 20 years, artistic hand chased or plain, \$3.00 more; hunting, \$5.00 more. In 25 year case, \$2.00 more or less. In 20 year case, in cases guaranteed for all time, screw, \$5.00, or hunting, \$10.00 more than in Silverline case. Prices of solid gold cases on application.

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Large (6) size Elgin, Waltham or Hampden, 20-year gold filled latest style, artistic hand-chased, 7 jewels, \$10; 15 jewels, \$12.50; 16 jewels, add, \$17. Small (4) size 7 jewels, \$11.50; 15 jewels, \$15; 16 jewels, add, \$18. "Riverside," extra fine, \$25. In 25-year case, \$1 more. In 14kt solid gold case, \$10 to \$50 more. Latter with diamonds all in plush box, prepaid, with guarantee.

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happy by speaking unkindly of others. Of course other people do wrong just as we do wrong, and there are times when it is right to say this, but in a large majority of cases, the wrong that is attributed to people is unjust, and to speak it, hurts them and hurts us who speak it.

If we do not think evil of others we are not apt to speak it, and if we use good judgment we are much less apt to think evil of others, because we have so often found that people are better than we thought they were, and have not often found that they were worse than we thought they were and all of us realize that if people knew our troubles as we know them they would have more sympathy for us.

Another thing is that we suffer more from the anticipation of evil than we do from its actual presence. But it may be the dread of coming evil that makes us guard against it and avert it. Based in my own experience I have suffered more from troubles that I felt were liable to come than those that actually came.

Another great source of trouble is being in debt. I do not believe that to be poor, if not in debt, is a common source of unhappiness, but I do believe that hardly anybody can be happy and be in debt, and I believe it would be better almost to suffer for the necessities of life, than to suffer from debt.

If we are in debt it is not best to try to conceal it, but to live more economically. If those people who are trying to teach laboring people how to do less work and get more wages would spend the same effort and money in teaching them to be more conscientious and to live more economically they would do more good.

(From Lexington Leader.)

MURDER

Lee County Man Loads Up on Liquor and Slaughters His Man at Church.

Beattyville, Ky., July 17.—John Miller shot and killed James E. Ellis and wounded James E. Thomas during a battle at church on Friday Creek last night. He was drunk, went to church with two revolvers and started trouble.

Mob Threatened to Lynch

Louisville, Ky., July 17.—Telegrams from Beattyville, Ky., say that John Miller, of Breathitt county, shot and killed James Creech and wounded Jas.

M. Thomas during a fight in a church on Friday Creek, Lee county, last night. Miller entered the church, according to reports received here, and announced that he was the best man in the house. Creech and Thomas disputed this and the shooting followed. A mob formed to lynch Miller, but the Sheriff took him safely to Beattyville jail.

SANDY SAW DOUBLE.

A Scotch minister and his friend, who were coming home from a wedding, began to consider the state into which their positions at the wedding feast had left them.

"Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute here till I go ahead. Maybe I don't walk very steady and the good wife might remark something not just right."

He walked ahead of the servant for a short distance and then asked: "How 's it?" I am walking steady."

"Oh, ay," answered Sandy thickly, "ye're a'rech—but who's that who's with you?"—Harper's Weekly.

A clergyman who was out walking one Sunday came across some boys who were playing baseball in a vacant lot. Going up to one of them who had just been struck out, he said, "Young man, don't you know that it is very wrong to play base ball on Sunday? What would your father say if he knew about it?" "You'd better ask him," was the reply; "he's playing shortstop."—Harper's Weekly.

Residence Unknown.

First Citizen: "That new neighbor of ours, Mrs. Jones, seems an ill-natural sort."

Second Citizen: "Why, I called her up on the telephone yesterday and asked her if she had any idea where her husband was staying, and she rang off without answering me."

Third Citizen: "I don't wonder—he's dead."

A Possibility.

My little boy, five years old, so writes a Chicago mother, was talking about God the other day. I told him that God gave us everything we had, he turned to me after thinking awhile and said: "Mamma, what would we do if God was to go broke?"

Agnosticism at Home.

"Pa, what's an Agnostic?"

"One who doesn't know."

"Jimmie!" The way ma talks you must be about forty-six different kinds of an Agnostic."

